



COWBOY STAR OF THE MOVIES

# TIM HOLT

No. 14

10¢



In this issue —

The Bridge at San Gila Gully • The Posse • The Honest Bandits

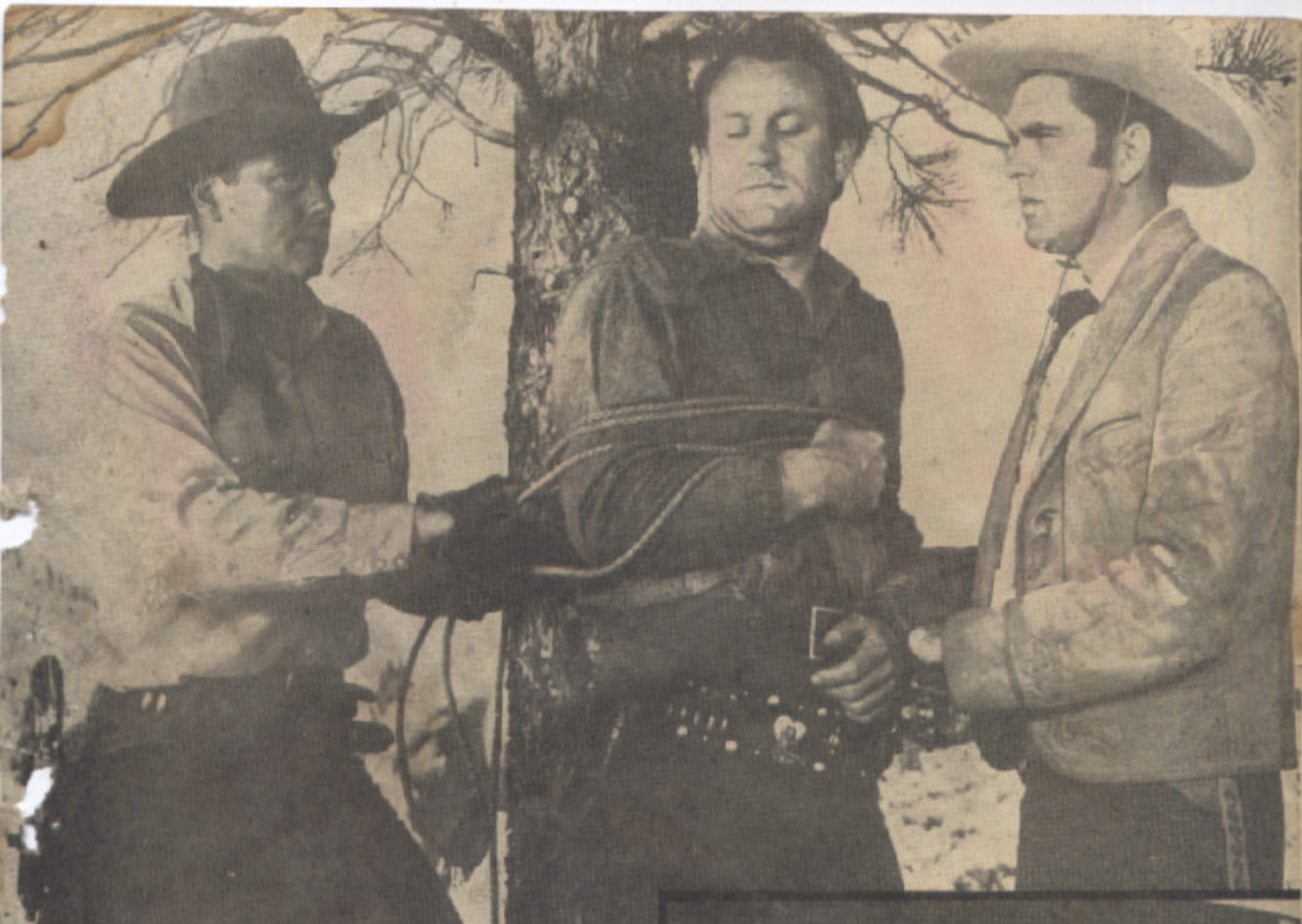
plus Another exciting adventure of The Ghost Rider!





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## TIM HOLT'S WESTERN ALBUM

**ROPE TRICK!** Tim and Chito put a badhat out of action and insure his good behaviour for a while by roping him to a tree. But ropes are dangerous things, and Tim says children should never tie up their playmates — it isn't good fun and it isn't very good sense. Believe Tim!

**GUN-TAR** might be a good name for this musical instrument! Tim and Chito are concealing the pistol in the back of the guitar in order to provide a surprise six-gun serenade for an unsuspecting badman, who won't like the tune!





TIM HOLT

# TIM HOLT

**W**HEN A LOAD OF DYNAMITE EXPLODES UNDER THE WOODEN BRIDGE OVER DRY WASH GULCH, IT CARRIES THE BULLET-SILVER CITY STAGECOACH WITH IT TO DESTRUCTION. IN THE STAGECOACH IS A WELLS FARGO SHIPMENT BOX, AND A SMALL COFFER MARKED T-BAR-H.

**A**LTHOUGH TIM HOLT AND HIS SAGELAND SIDEKICK, CHITO, DO NOT HEAR THE EXPLOSION, IT CARRIES THEM INTO THE BULLET-RIDDLED, ROBBERY-PLASTERED ADVENTURE OF—

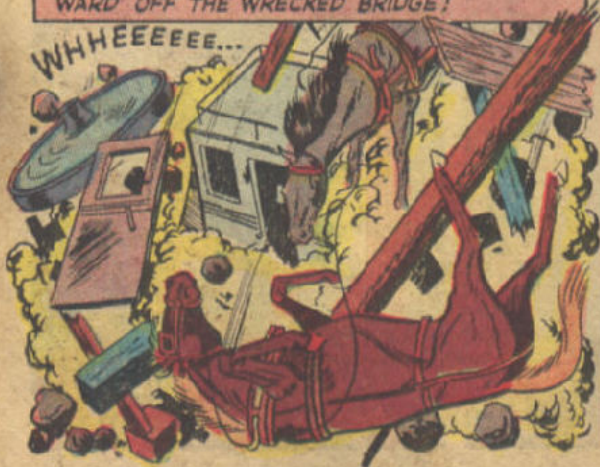
THE  
HONEST BANDITS!

FRANK BOLLE



**W**ITH A SCREECHING OF WOOD ON WOOD, AND THE HIGH-PITCHED SCREAMING OF AGONIZED HORSES, THE STAGECOACH PLUMMETS DOWNWARD OFF THE WRECKED BRIDGE!

WHHEEEEEEE...



LOOKS LIKE  
A GOOD HAUL,  
STUB!

NOT ONLY THE WELLS FARGO  
GOLD SHIPMENT, BUT THIS  
RANCH COFFER, TOO. FROM THE  
FEEL OF IT, IT'S GOT CASH  
INSIDE!



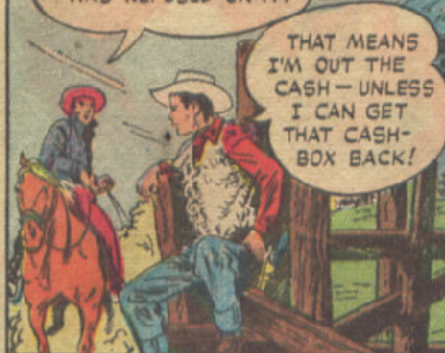


# TIM HOLT

**T**WO WEEKS LATER, A WELLS FARGO MESSENGER ARRIVES AT THE T-BAR-H RANCH...

THE SILVER CITY GANG TOOK YOUR CASH BOX, HOLT. I'M SORRY, BUT INSURANCE WAS REFUSED ON IT!

THAT MEANS I'M OUT THE CASH—UNLESS I CAN GET THAT CASH-BOX BACK!



WE ARE FOR TO GO AFTER THOSE CROOKS—AN' YOU ARE BE WRITING A LETTER?

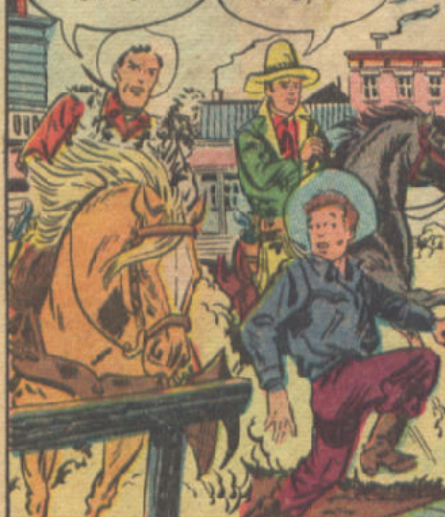
IT'S TO JIM TROWSON, SHERIFF OF SILVER CITY, CHITO. I'M ASKING HIM NOT TO RECOGNIZE ME IN PUBLIC...



**S**OME DAYS LATER, IN SILVER CITY—

LET'S DRINK, CHITO!

EES GOOD IDEAS, TIM!



HERE, YOU! YOU ALMOST RAN THAT BOY OVER! I'M WARNIN' YUH—NO ROUGH STUFF IN THIS TOWN!

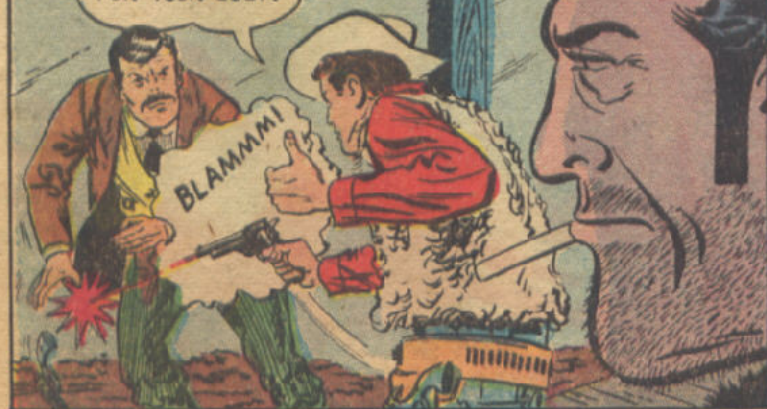
TAKE YOUR HAND OFF ME!



DID YOU HEAR ME? TAKE YOUR HAND OFF ME—OR I'LL KNOCK IT OFF—LIKE THIS!



AND DON'T PULL A GUN ON ME WHILE I'M IN TOWN, EITHER! NEXT TIME I WON'T AIM FOR YOUR COLT!



HOPE I ACTED THE WAY TIM WANTED ME TO! IF WE CAN FOOL STUB JENKINS, MEBBE HE'LL INVITE TIM TO JOIN HIS BUNCH IN THE HILLS... AN' THEN THE FUR WILL FLY!





# TIM HOLT



SASSPARILLA  
—AND NO  
CRACKS!

FOR A ROUGH  
TOUGH HOMBRE  
LIKE YOU, THAT'S  
KIND OF A WEAK  
DRINK, STRANGER!



FOLKS CALL ME  
THE SASSPARILLA  
KID. MEBBE YOU  
AIN'T HEARD OF  
ME, THOUGH, I'M  
FROM THE PAN-  
HANDLE. KNOW  
WHERE A MAN  
CAN FIND A  
JOB?

I GOT A  
LITTLE SPREAD  
BACK IN THE  
BREAKS. A  
MAN CAN  
MAKE  
HIMSELF SOME  
FAST MONEY...  
IF HE OBEYS  
ORDERS...



I CAN TAKE  
ORDERS — IF I  
GET THE RIGHT  
PAY FOR IT!

YOU'LL GET  
PAID — MORE  
THAN YOU  
EVER MADE  
BEFORE!

**S**OME HOURS LATER, DEEP IN THE SILVER MOUNTAIN TIMBER BELT...



COUPLE OF NEW BOYS —  
THE SASS'PARILLA KID AN'  
HIS PARD, CHITO.

SASS'PRILLA? BAH!  
SOUNDS LIKE SOMETHING  
A KID WOULD DRINK!



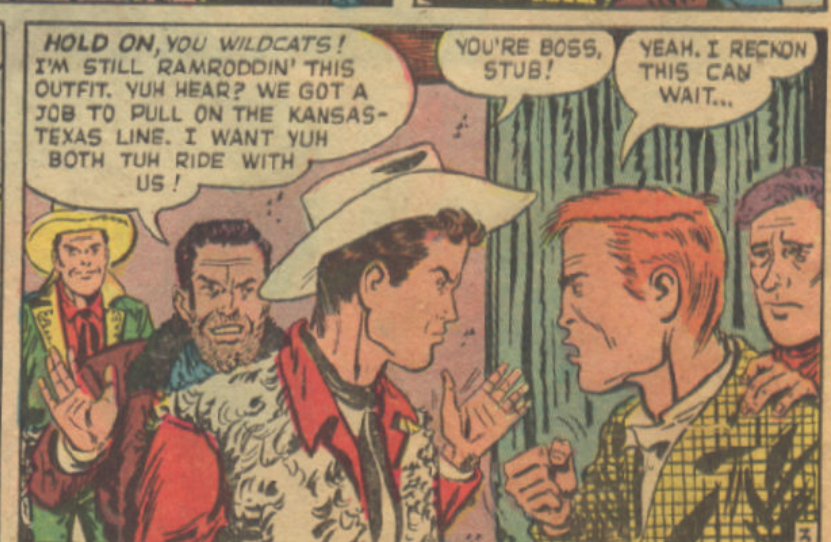
THEY MAY CALL ME KID, BUT  
I'M FULL GROWN, HOMBRE!

SLAP!



SEE WHAT  
I MEAN?

WOOOOFF!



HOLD ON, YOU WILDCATS!  
I'M STILL RAMRODDIN' THIS  
OUTFIT. YUH HEAR? WE GOT A  
JOB TO PULL ON THE KANSAS-  
TEXAS LINE. I WANT YUH  
BOTH TUH RIDE WITH  
US!

YOU'RE BOSS,  
STUB!

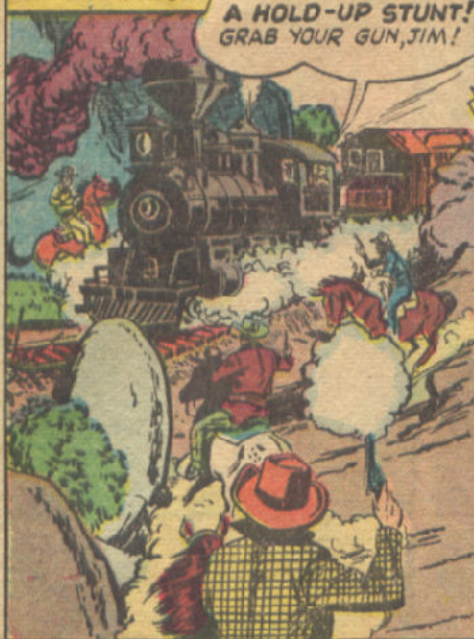
YEAH. I RECKON  
THIS CAN  
WAIT...



# TIM HOLT

AS THE KANSAS-TEXAS DIAMOND STACK CHUGS AROUND THE MOUNTAINOUS CURVES, LONG IRON CROWBARS RIP THE RAILS...

A HOLD-UP STUNT! GRAB YOUR GUN, JIM!



CHITO, YOU KNOW WHAT WE HAVE TO DO?

I AM FOR KNOWING. EET WEEL NOT BE EASY, BUT THEN WE ARE NOT TO BE EXPECTING THAT!



FIRING WILDLY, SHOUTING HOARSELY, TIM LEAPS FOR THE PASSENGER CARS...

I ONLY HOPE I CAN DO THIS WITHOUT BEING NOTICED BY THOSE SIDE-WINDERS I'M RIDING WITH!



GOT ONE!

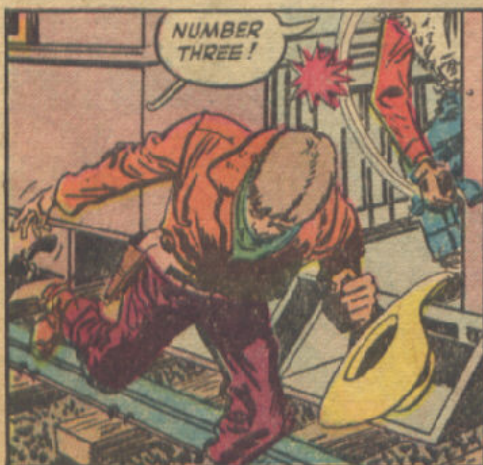
BLAM!



GOT TWO!



NUMBER THREE!



HOW WE DOING, CHITO? I GOT THREE OF THE BOYS!

I AM FOR GETTING TWO! EES FOR LEAVING ONLY TWO MORE!





# TIM HOLT





## TIM HOLT

**W**ITH THE BANDIT GANG LESSENED BY SEVERAL MEMBERS, AND HIMSELF A LITTLE MORE FIRMLY A PART OF IT, TIM'S OCCASIONAL ABSENCES ARE NEVER NOTICED. AND ON THOSE ABSENCES,

THEY'RE PLANNING A RAID ON THE SILVER CITY STAGE AGAIN, JIM. THEY EXPECT TO HIT IT AROUND NEEDLE ROCK.

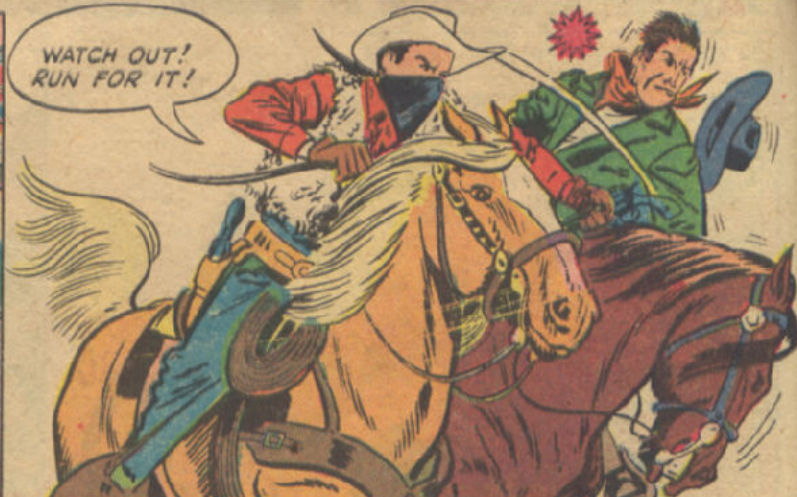
ME AN' THE BOYS WILL BE THERE. THEY'LL HAVE ORDERS NOT TO SHOOT AT YOU OR CHITO.

**A**T NEEDLE ROCK, TWO AFTERNOONS LATER.

THE SHERIFF OUGHT TO START SHOOTING JUST ABOUT NOW —



WATCH OUT! RUN FOR IT!



**B**Y CLEVER REIN HANDLING, TIM SO MANEUVERS LIGHTNING THAT BANDIT AFTER BANDIT IS DELAYED...

**KID!** GIT THAT HOSS TO WORKIN' RIGHT! THEM BULLETS ARE CUTTIN' US DOWN ONE BY ONE!

I'M TRYING! HE WOULD PICK A TIME LIKE THIS TO ACT UP!



**M**EANWHILE, CHITO IS NOT IDLE!

EEES FOR TO BE SHOOTING SEETING DUCK!



**B**UT THE TRAP CANNOT BE HELD FOREVER. TIM TURNS AND FLEES WITH THE OTHERS. AND THAT NIGHT, IN THE LIGHTED CABIN USED BY THE OUTLAWS...

I SENT THE KID AND CHITO TO FETCH WATER BECAUSE I WANTED TO TELL YOU BOYS I'M SETTIN' A TRAP FOR 'EM! I'M TELLIN' HIM WE'RE FIXIN' TO ROB THE SULPHUR SPRINGS BANK - BUT WE'LL REALLY ROB THE ONE AT ROUNDUP! EVERYTHING'S GONE WRONG SINCE THEY JOINED UP. I'M JUST WONDERIN' IF THEY'RE WHAT THEY CLAIM TO BE!





# TIM HOLT

AND SO, THREE DAYS LATER, THE SILVER CITY GANG RIDES INTO THE COW TOWN OF ROUNDUP...



I THOUGHT WE WERE GOING TO SULPHUR SPRINGS, CHITO — WE'VE BEEN TRICKED!

THE SHERIFF IS AT SULPHUR SPRINGS, EITHER WE HAVE TO HELP THEM ROB THIS BANK — OR FIGHT THEM — TWO AGAINST EIGHT!



EES W'AT YOU 'AVE BEEN ASKING TO DO SEENCE WE JOIN THEES GANG!

WOOFF!

LET'S GO, CHITO!



I WAS RIGHT! YUH —!

THEES EES PLEASURE, HOMBRES!



THIS WILL PUT A FEW MORE OUT OF ACTION...

UHH!



CHITO — SHOT! ALL RIGHT, YOU BUZZARDS! LET LOOSE THOSE SIXGUNS!

ANNWOOWW!



WE'LL WAIT FOR THE SHERIFF TO APPEAR, THEN RIDE OUT TO THE HIDE-OUT AND GET OUR CASH BOX!

THEES LOOK LIKE END OF SILVER CITY GANG, EH, TIM? AY DI MI! EET WAS ALMOST THE END OF CHITO JOSE GONZALES BUSTAMONTE RAFFERTY, TOO! — SIGH —





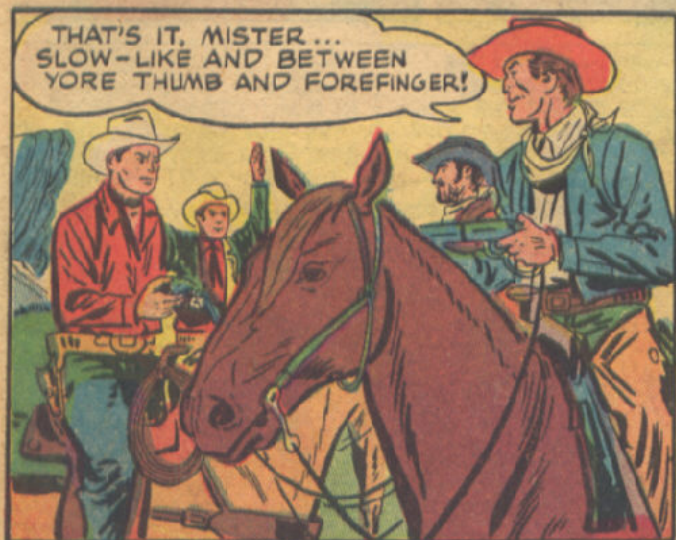
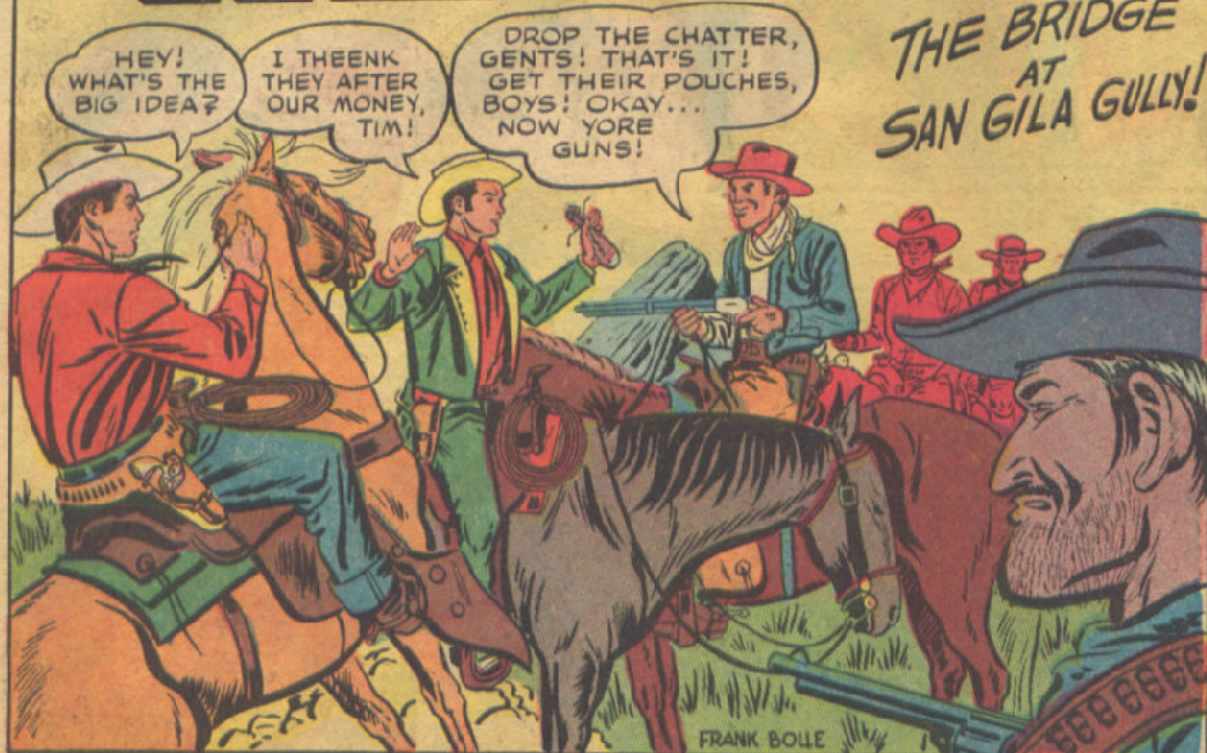
TIM HOLT

# TIM HOLT

**T**HE WESTWARD GROWTH OF AMERICA WAS AIDED GREATLY BY THE THRUSTING STEEL AND STEAM-BORN POWER OF THE RAILROAD.

OBSTACLE AFTER OBSTACLE THE RAILROAD MET AND OVERCAME — AND MOST DIFFICULT OF ALL WAS THE HIDDEN TREACHERY OF SCHEMING, EVIL MEN, AS TIM HOLT DISCOVERED WHEN HE WAS ENSLAVED TO WORK ON

**THE BRIDGE  
AT  
SAN GILA GULLY!**



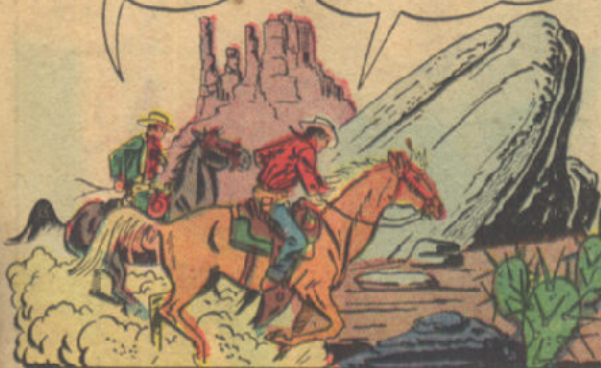


# TIM HOLT

**U**NARMED, AND UNFAMILIAR WITH THE TERRITORY, TIM DECIDES NOT TO PURSUE THE GUNMEN---

WHERE WE HEAD, TIM?

STRAIGHT ON TO LARAMIE, CHITO!



LATER, IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE IN LARAMIE---

... AND THE LEADER WAS A DARK, HEAVY-SET MAN. TOOK ALL OUR MONEY!

YUH DON'T SAY? I GUESS YUH MUST'VE HEARD ABOUT OUR NEW ORDINANCE CONCERNING VAGRANTS?



WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "VAGRANTS?" WE'RE NOT VAGRANT I'VE TOLD YOU OUR STORY...

WE'VE GOT A LAW IN THIS TOWN, MISTER— VAGRANTS HAVE THEIR CHOICE OF GETTING A JOB OR...

JAIL! NOW, IF YUH WANT A JOB, I'LL HELP YUH...

I SMELL RAT TOO, TIM! MAYBE WE SHOULD TAKE HEES OFFER. I DON'T THEENK I LIKE JAIL, MAYBE!

OKAY, SHERIFF WE'LL TAKE YOUR JOB!

GOOD! THIS IS MR. GARELL— I THINK HE CAN HELP YUH!

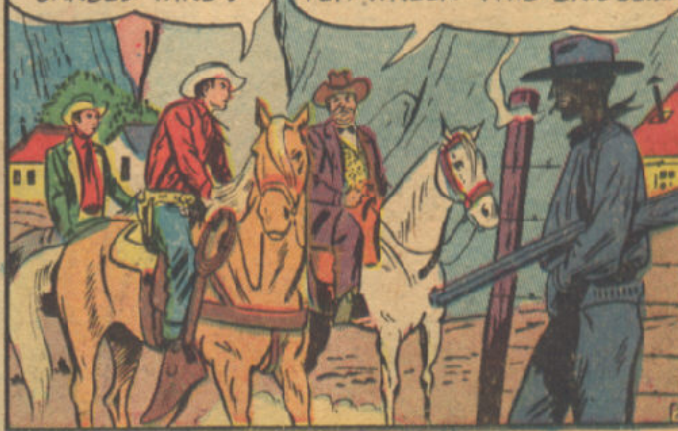
SURE THING, SHERIFF! I'VE GOT A CAMP OVER SAN GILA GULLY WAY, GENTS. BUILDING A BRIDGE FOR THE RAILROAD. CAN ALWAYS USE A COUPLE OF EXTRA HANDS!

THANKS. CHITO AND I'LL TAKE IT— FOR THE TIME BEING...



IS THIS YOUR CAMP? WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THE BARBED WIRE?

UH... THAT'S JUST TO KEEP TRESPASSERS AWAY! LOTS OF PEOPLE'D LIKE TUH WRECK THIS BRIDGE...

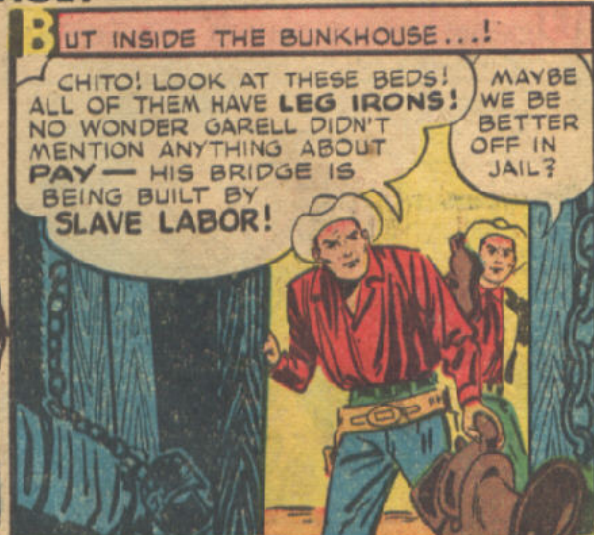




# TIM HOLT



STOW YORE GEAR OVER IN THE BUNKHOUSE THERE. YUH KIN LEAVE YORE HOSSES AT THE RAIL. THEN REPORT TUH MY FOREMAN OVER WITH THE OTHER MEN!



BUT INSIDE THE BUNKHOUSE...!  
CHITO! LOOK AT THESE BEDS! ALL OF THEM HAVE LEG IRONS! NO WONDER GARELL DIDN'T MENTION ANYTHING ABOUT PAY — HIS BRIDGE IS BEING BUILT BY SLAVE LABOR!

MAYBE WE BE BETTER OFF IN JAIL?



COME ON, CHITO! WE'RE GOING TO — WHAT'S THAT?

NO! NO! DON'T BEAT ME! I'M ALL WORE OUT! I CAN'T WORK NO MORE!



LET'S SEE HOW TOUGH YOU ARE, WITHOUT THAT WHIP, RANNY...!

UGH!!



OH! IT'S YOU, GARELL! A NICE LITTLE SET-UP YOU HAVE HERE — USING SLAVE LABOR!

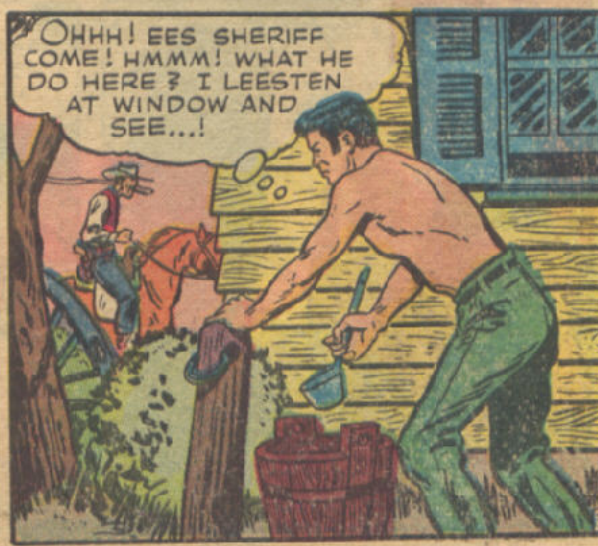
YOU CATCH ON FAST, FELLER! NOW, LET'S HAVE NO MORE TROUBLE FROM YOU...!



ALL AFTERNOON, TIM AND CHITO LABOR UNDER A HOT SUN...

THEES SUN EES VEREE HOT! EES SOME WATER AROUN' HERE?

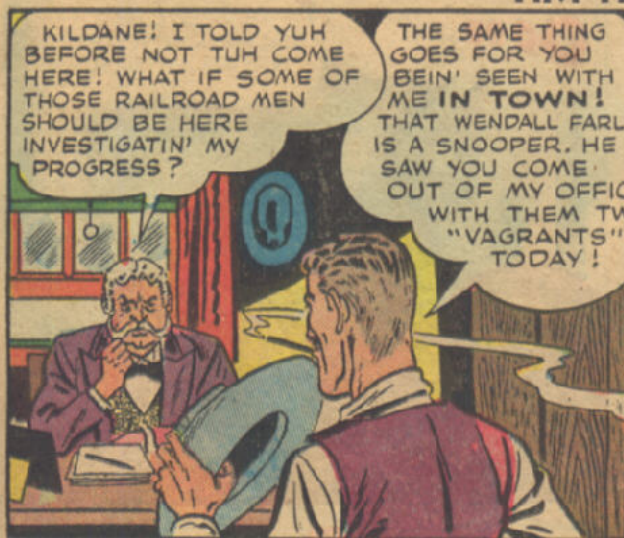
YEAH — THAT BUCKET BEHIND THAT SHACK. AN' DON'T TAKE TOO LONG!



OH!! EES SHERIFF COME! HMMM! WHAT HE DO HERE? I LEESTEN AT WINDOW AND SEE...!

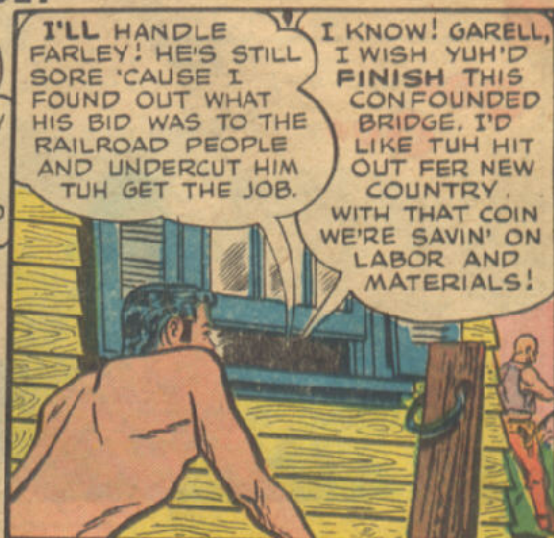


# TIM HOLT



KILDANE! I TOLD YUH BEFORE NOT TUH COME HERE! WHAT IF SOME OF THOSE RAILROAD MEN SHOULD BE HERE INVESTIGATIN' MY PROGRESS?

THE SAME THING GOES FOR YOU BEIN' SEEN WITH ME IN TOWN! THAT WENDALL FARLEY IS A SNOOPER. HE SAW YOU COME OUT OF MY OFFICE WITH THEM TWO "VAGRANTS" TODAY!



I'LL HANDLE FARLEY! HE'S STILL SORE 'CAUSE I FOUND OUT WHAT HIS BID WAS TO THE RAILROAD PEOPLE AND UNDERCUT HIM TUH GET THE JOB.

I KNOW! GARELL, I WISH YUH'D FINISH THIS CONFOUNDED BRIDGE. I'D LIKE TUH HIT OUT FER NEW COUNTRY WITH THAT COIN WE'RE SAVIN' ON LABOR AND MATERIALS!



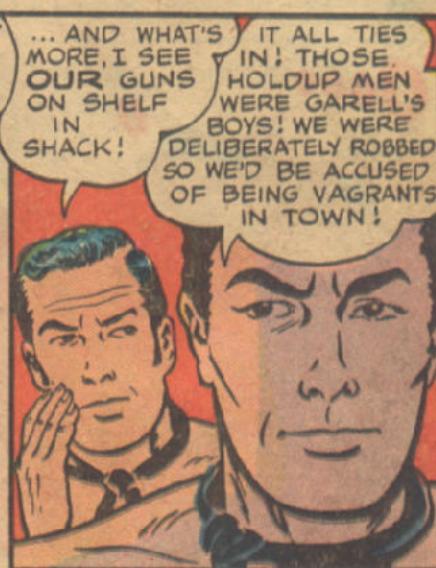
DON'T WORRY! WE'LL SCRAMBLE FAST. WE'LL HAVE TO BE GONE BEFORE THE FIRST TRAIN STARTS OVER THAT BRIDGE! IT'LL BE SO WEAK, THE TRAIN'LL NEVER GET TUH THE OTHER SIDE!



TIM! I HEAR MUCH TALK OVER AT SHACK!

HO GOLLY! I MUST TELL TIM WHAT I HEAR!

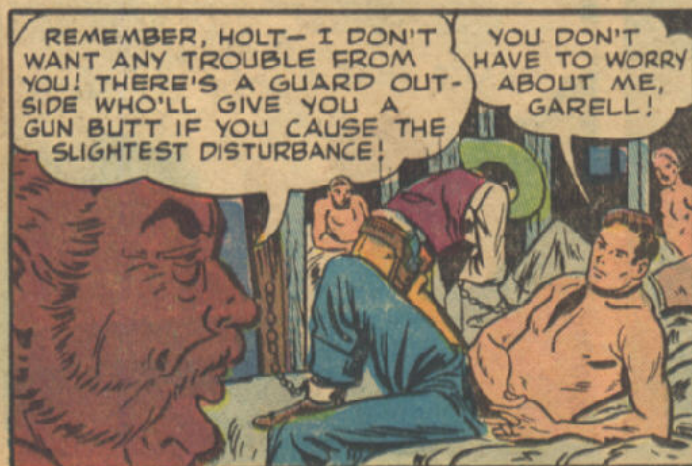
WHAT IS IT, CHITO? WHISPER IT TO ME WHEN THE GUARD'S TURNED THE OTHER WAY!



... AND WHAT'S MORE, I SEE OUR GUNS ON SHELF IN SHACK!

IT ALL TIES IN! THOSE HOLDUP MEN WERE GARELL'S BOYS! WE WERE DELIBERATELY ROBBED SO WE'D BE ACCUSED OF BEING VAGRANTS IN TOWN!

THAT NIGHT, GARELL SUPERVISES THE SHACKLING OF THE LABORERS TO THEIR BUNKS...



REMEMBER, HOLT— I DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE FROM YOU! THERE'S A GUARD OUTSIDE WHO'LL GIVE YOU A GUN BUTT IF YOU CAUSE THE SLIGHTEST DISTURBANCE!

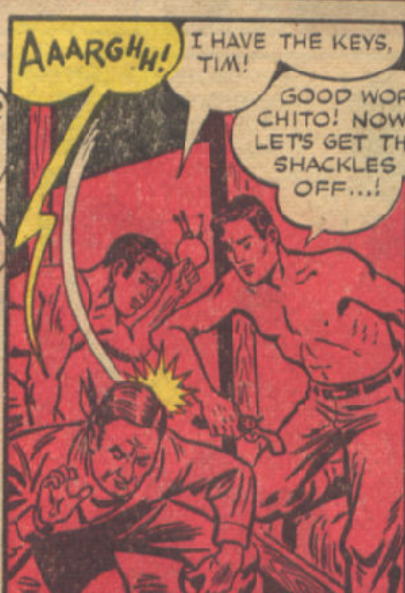
YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT ME, GARELL!



CHITO! LISTEN— AND PASS THE WORD ALONG TO THE OTHER MEN! HERE'S MY PLAN...!

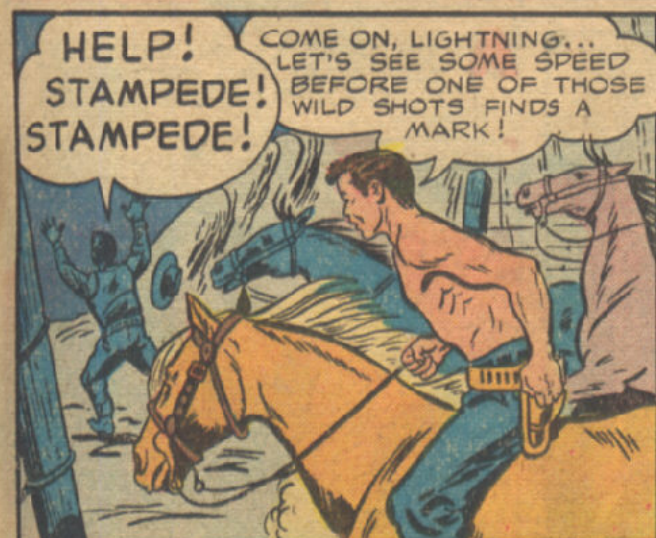
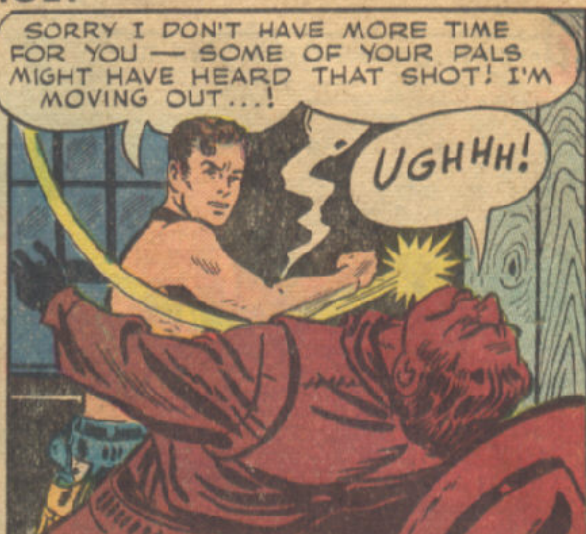


# TIM HOLT





# TIM HOLT





# TIM HOLT

**L**ATER, IN THE NIGHT-SHROUDED TOWN OF LARAMIE---



**T**IM RELATES HIS STORY TO FARLEY---

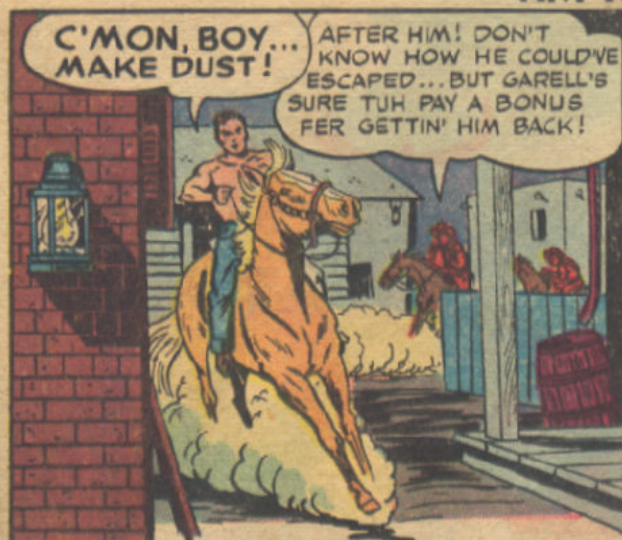


**A**S TIM TAKES A SHORT CUT DOWN A DARK ALLEY, TWO MEN EMERGE UNEXPECTEDLY FROM A DOORWAY---



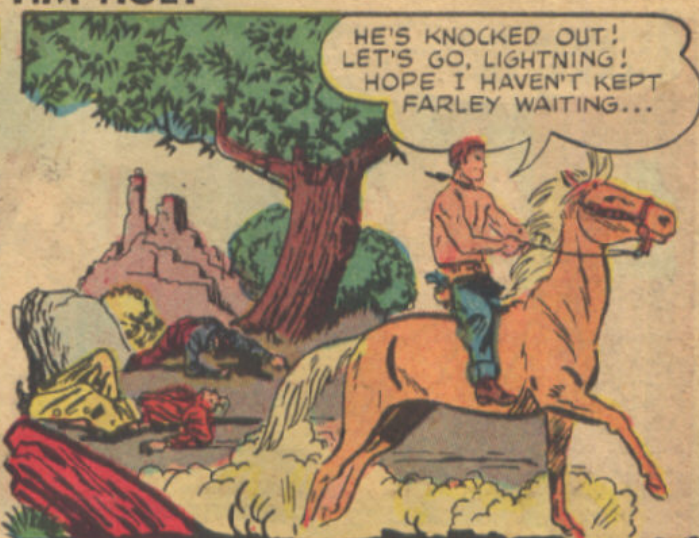
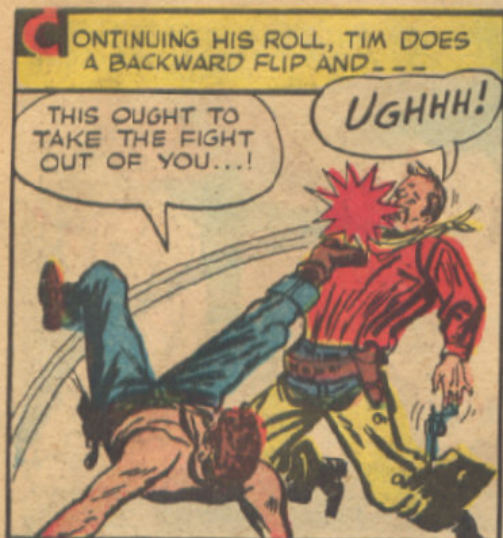


# TIM HOLT





# TIM HOLT





# TIM HOLT



**C**AUTIOUSLY, FARLEY CREEPS BACK FROM THE CLIFF'S EDGE, THEN RUNS, KNOWING THAT THE BLAST IS DUE ANY SECOND, AND ---



**B**ELOW, TIM, SAFE WITH CHITO, GIVES THE SIGNAL FOR ATTACK AS THE SMALL AVALANCHE SUBSIDES---



**W**IM TURNS SHERIFF KILDANE AND THE GARELL GANG OVER TO THE U.S. MARSHAL...



**T**HE END

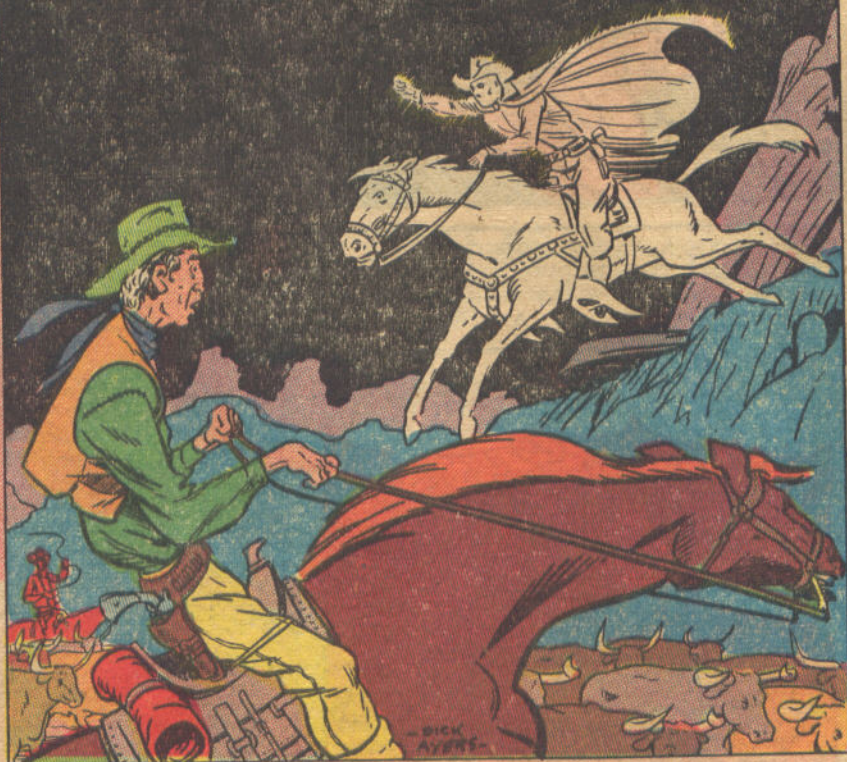
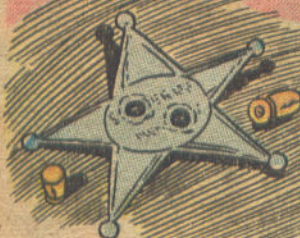


TIM HOLT

# the GHOST RIDER

WHEN A BUNCH OF BAD HATS FROM THE MESA COLORADO SECTION DROVE DOWN INTO THE PEACEFUL VALLEY TOWN OF CANYON CITY TO RIDE HERD ON MEN AND BEASTS WITH SMOKING GUNS AND CRACKING RIFLES — ONLY THE SPECTRAL FORM OF **THE GHOST RIDER** DARED RIDE AGAINST BULLET AND HANGMAN'S NOOSE TO BACK THE PLAY OF —

"THE SCARECROW SHERIFF!"



IT WAS THREE HOURS AFTER SUNSET WHEN THE MESA COLORADO BAD HATS MOVED AGAINST THE EAST BASIN HERD OF THE GUNBUTT RANCH. AND, LESS THAN THIRTY MINUTES LATER —

YOU RIDE AN EVIL PATH, HOMBRES! THIS IS THE LAND OF THE GHOST RIDER!

YAAOOOWW!

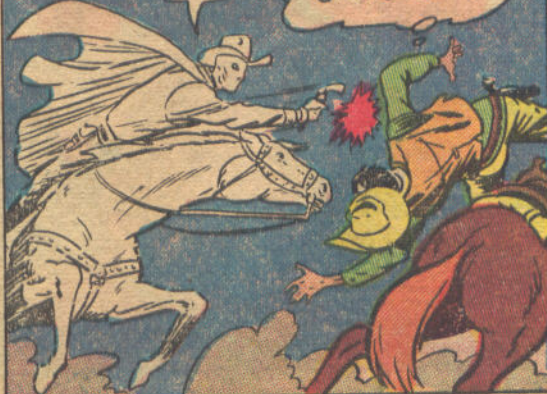
THIS IS HA'NTED LAND! HA'NTED!



THE WIERD FIGURE OF THE GHOST RIDER MOVES LIKE A DISEMBODIED SPIRIT AMONG THE PANIC-RIDDEN RUSTLERS!

HAUNTED BY THE SPIRITS OF THOSE WHO HAVE DIED WALKING THAT SAME EVIL PATH!

GNN GGGGG!

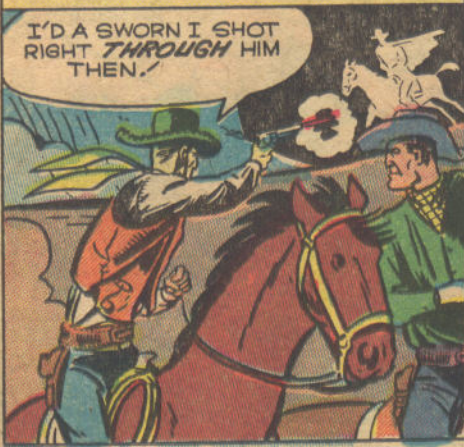




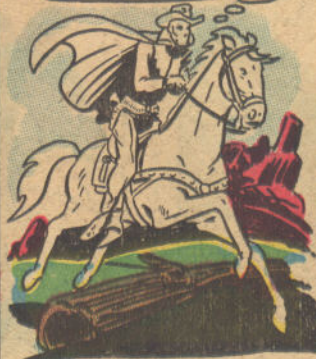
## TIM HOLT

**H**ANDS THUMB AND TRIGGER COLTS— BUT WHEN THE HEART IS PUMPING FRIGHT THROUGH THE BODY, THE AIM IS BAD... AND THE EYES PLAY TRICKS.

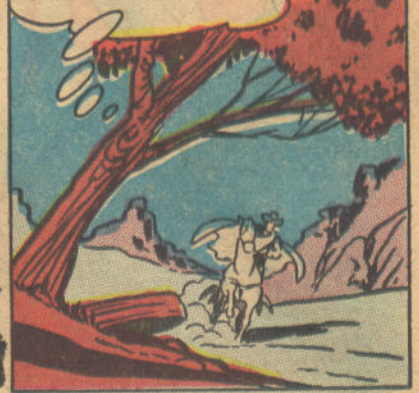
I'D A SWORN I SHOT RIGHT **THROUGH** HIM THEN.



I'VE HEARD OF THESE BADMEN. THEY CAME DOWN FROM MESA, COLORADO... AND HAVE JUST ABOUT TAKEN OVER CANYON CITY! THEY KILL ANY WHO OPPOSE THEM.



THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE MET THEM— ALTHOUGH I'VE BEEN HUNTING THEM FOR WEEKS! BUT I'LL MEET THEM AGAIN, AND SOON. THERE WILL BE NO REST FOR THE GHOST RIDER UNTIL THEY ARE BEHIND BARS...



**A**T DAWN, A BADLY SHAKEN GROUP OF GUNMEN MEET UNDER A DIMLY LIT LAMP IN THE BACK ROOM OF A CANYON CITY SALOON...

MY HANDS ARE **STILL** SHAKIN'.

I'VE HEARD OF THAT RIDER, BUT I NEVER BELIEVED IN HIM!

WELL, WHAT'RE WE GOIN' TO DO?



DO? I'LL TELL YUH WHAT WE'LL DO— WE'LL HAVE HIM MADE AN **OUTLAW**! WE'LL GIT THE SHERIFF TO GO OUT AN' GUN HIM DOWN— OR JAIL HIM!

SHERIFF JACKSON? HE WON'T FALL FOR ANYTHING LIKE THAT!



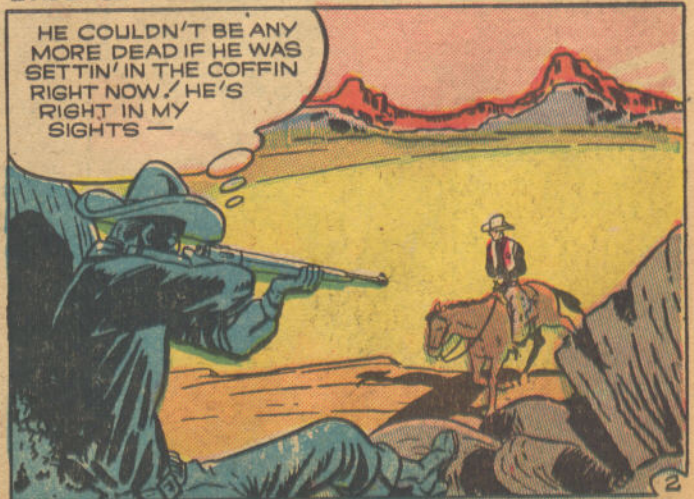
MEBBE SHERIFF JACKSON WON'T **LIVE** VERY LONG, CACTUS! YUH EVER THOUGHT OF THAT?

YEAH— ALL OF A SUDDEN! MEBBE YUH GOT TH' ANSWER, BART!



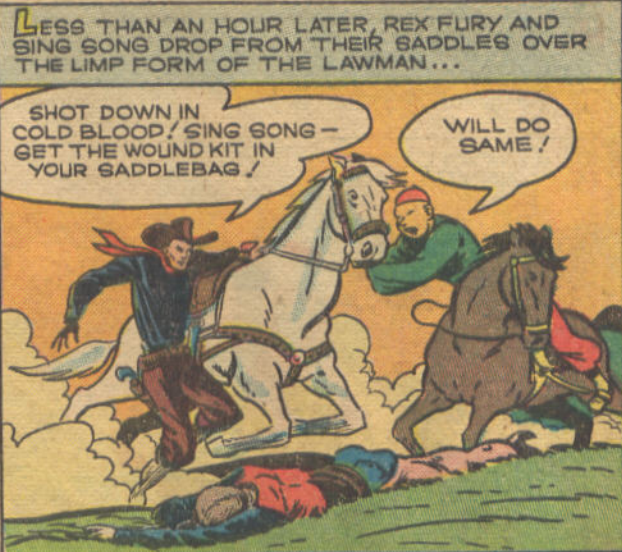
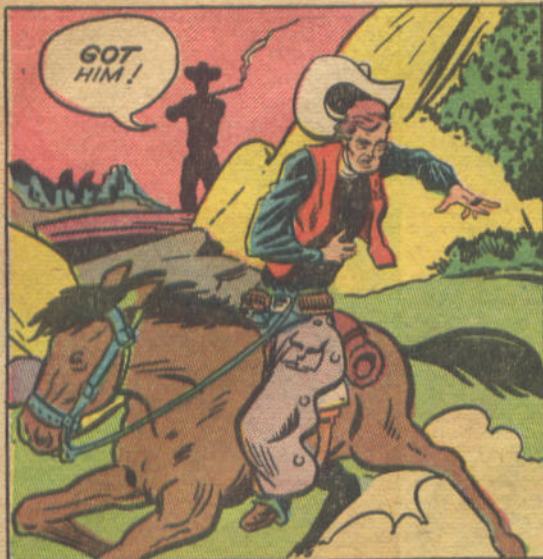
**T**WO MORNINGS LATER, AS SHERIFF JEPH JACKSON RIDES TOWARD THE GUNBUTT SPREAD TO CHECK THE EVIDENCE OF RUSTLING...

HE COULDN'T BE ANY MORE DEAD IF HE WAS SETTIN' IN THE COFFIN RIGHT NOW. HE'S RIGHT IN MY SIGHTS—





# TIM HOLT



ALL DAY LONG, WITH FISTS AND THREATS, THE BADHATS BRING IN THEIR VOTERS...





# TIM HOLT

ONE DAY LATER, TENDERFOOT ED YARNELL HAS BEEN ELECTED SHERIFF, WHILE OLD SHERIFF JEPH JACKSON FIGHTS FOR HIS LIFE IN A LITTLE CABIN MILES AWAY FROM TOWN ...

WELL... IF YOU'RE SURE YOU WANT ME TO BE THE SHERIFF ... I'LL BE GLAD TO. BUT I DON'T KNOW VERY MUCH ABOUT...

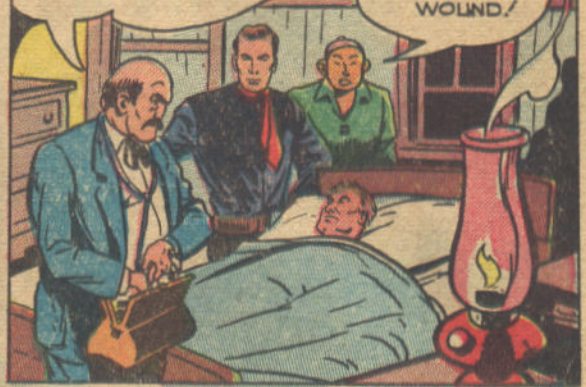
KID, FORGIT YORE WORRIES. ME AN' MY BOYS WILL KEEP THIS TOWN UNDER CONTROL - AS YORE DEPUTIES /



IN THE LINE CABIN...

HE MAY PULL THROUGH - WITH LUCK, BUT SOMEONE HAS TO BE WITH HIM ALL THE TIME //

I STAY. I FEED HIM, TEND HIS WOUND!



THEN FOLLOWS A SERIES OF DARING RAIDS ON CATTLE RANCHES - ROBBERIES OF STAGECOACHES - HOLDUPS ...

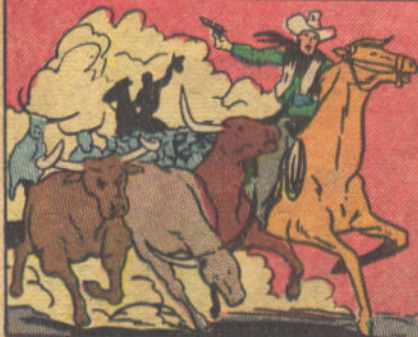


PROTESTING RANCHERS ARE DRAGGED BEFORE THE SCARECROW SHERIFF...

CATTLE RUSTLIN' ED, SHALL I LOCK HIM UP?

I DIDN'T RUSTLE. I WAS JUST PICKING UP SOME STRAYS...

ER - I GUESS YOU'D BETTER LOCK HIM UP, IF YOU SAY HE'S A REAL RUSTLER!



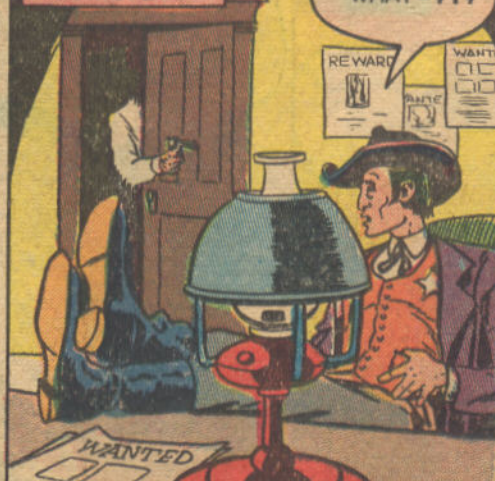
HIGH IN THE HILLS...

THOSE VILLAINS HAVE BEEN VISITING RANCHES AND DRAGGING OUT THE OWNERS. WHY? I'VE GOT TO RIDE INTO TOWN - AND LEARN WHAT HAPPENS TO THEM!



AN HOUR LATER, THE SHERIFF'S DOOR OPENS -

HUH? WHAT-???



YAAAGGH!





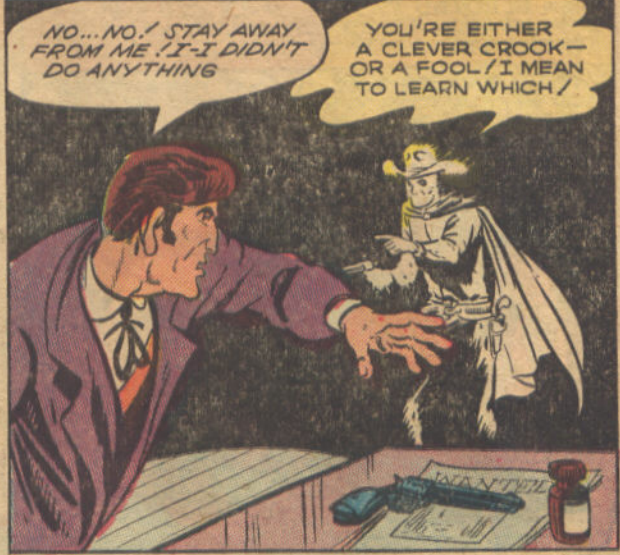
# TIM HOLT

IN THE SUDDEN DARKNESS THAT FOLLOWS THE SMASHING OF THE DESK LAMP, A GLOWING FIGURE CONFRONTS THE FEAR-FROZEN TENDERFOOT...



WHA-WHA-WHAT DO-DO YOU WANT?

SO YOU ARE THE NEW SHERIFF? I MIGHT HAVE GUESSED IT. THOSE VILLAINS WANT SOMEONE THEY CAN BULLY OR FOOL!



NO... NO...! STAY AWAY FROM ME! I-I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING

YOU'RE EITHER A CLEVER CROOK— OR A FOOL! I MEAN TO LEARN WHICH!

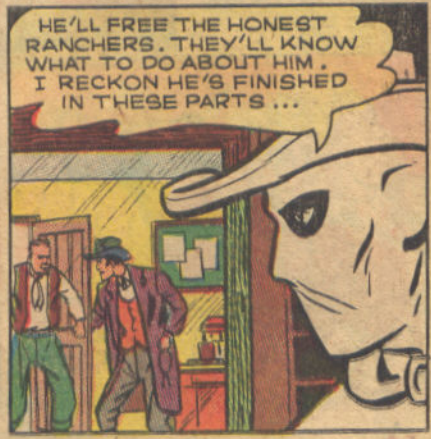


YAAAGGH!



WHY - HE'S FAINTED! I MUST HAVE SCARED HIM HALF TO DEATH... WELL, WHEN HE COMES TO, THINGS WILL BE DIFFERENT AROUND HERE!

SLOWLY ED YARNELL'S EYELIDS FLUTTER. AS HE COMES UP OUT OF HIS SWOON, HARD WORDS POUR INTO HIS EARS. DAZEDLY HE NODS, AND THEN, SOME MINUTES LATER...



HE'LL FREE THE HONEST RANCHERS. THEY'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO ABOUT HIM. I RECKON HE'S FINISHED IN THESE PARTS...



BUT TO THE GHOST RIDER'S ASTONISHMENT...

THE GHOST RIDER OPENED MY EYES. I'VE DONE WRONG UNKNOWNINGLY, BUT I'D LIKE TO MAKE AMENDS. THOSE RANNIES ARE ON THEIR WAY TO THE COPPER MINES TO MAKE A TRY FOR THE MINE PAYROLL!

COME ON! WE'LL GIT 'EM FOR ONCE AN' ALL!



THE POOR FOOL! HE MEANS WELL—BUT THOSE HARDENED GUNMEN WILL CUT HIM AND THOSE RANCHERS DOWN AS IF THEY WERE MADE OF WAX! THOSE RANCHERS ARE MIDDLE-AGED AND OUT OF CONDITION. IT WILL BE MURDER!

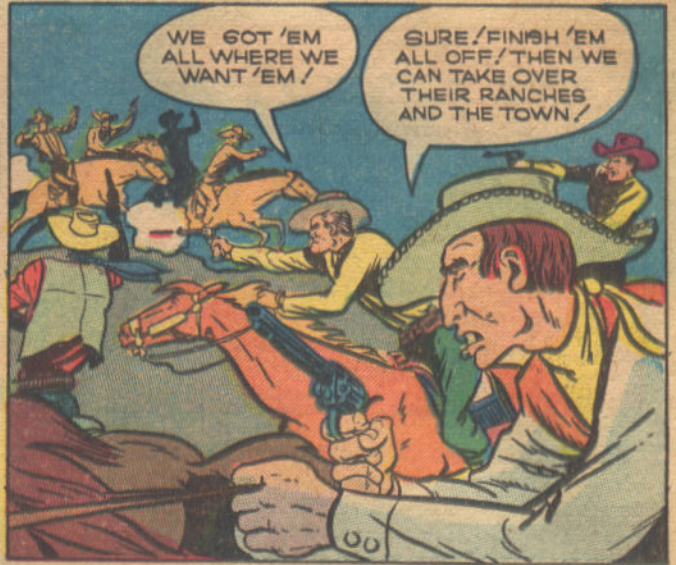
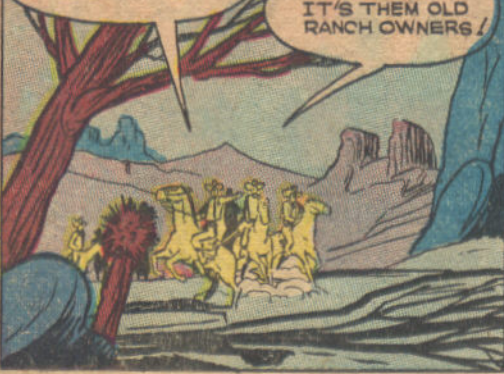


# TIM HOLT

THEIR RUTHLESS WORK AT THE MINE COMPLETED, THE MESA COLORADO BADMEN TURN THEIR SADDLERS HOMEWARD...

LOOK UP YONDER, AIN'T THAT OUR PAL, THE SCARECROW SHERIFF?

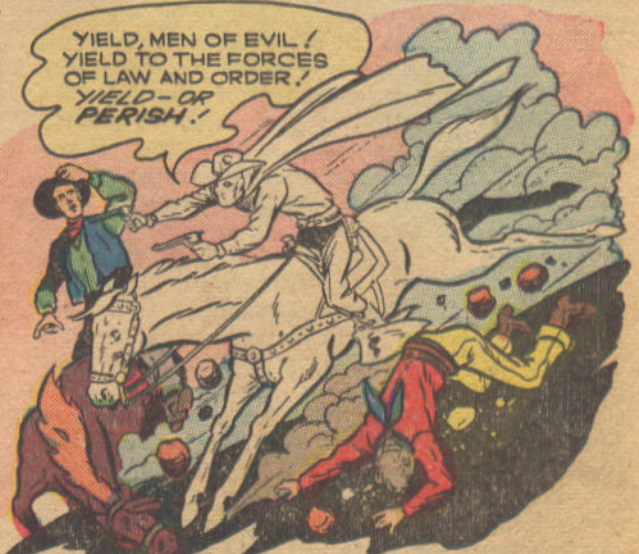
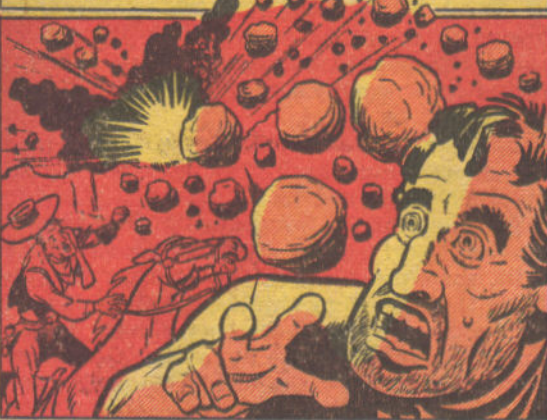
SHORE IS - AN' WHO'S HE GOT WITH HIM? BY THUNDER, IT'S THEM OLD RANCH OWNERS!



WE GOT 'EM ALL WHERE WE WANT 'EM!

SURE, FINISH 'EM ALL OFF, THEN WE CAN TAKE OVER THEIR RANCHES AND THE TOWN!

HIGH ABOVE THE MINE TRAIL, THE GRIM FORM OF THE GHOST RIDER STEPS BACK FROM AN EXPLODING STICK OF DYNAMITE! ROCKS AND STONE DEBRIS LEAP HIGH IN THE AIR - AND GO TUMBLING AND FALLING DOWNWARD...



YIELD, MEN OF EVIL! YIELD TO THE FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER! YIELD - OR PERISH!



TO HELP CONVINCE YOU...

**YOWWP!**



WE GOT 'EM! WE GOT 'EM ALL!

THANKS TO THE GHOST RIDER, SON, RECKON YUH'RE PLUMB GLAD HE SHOWED UP, HUH?



I SURE AM - ESPECIALLY SINCE I MEAN TO STAY ON AS DEPUTY AND HELP SHERIFF JACKSON TO MAKE UP FOR MY STUPIDITY, WITH HIS HELP, I KNOW I'LL MAKE A GOOD SHERIFF...

the end



TIM HOLT



**T**AKOWA, the Comanche boy, stood beside the cooking pots in front of his father's white buffalo skin tipi, and scowled fiercely. His dark black eyes were fastened on the trotting ponies and the black-painted warriors astride them, who were following the war chief, One Arrow, out of the encampment for a surprise attack on the Osages who had been raiding the Comanche horse herds.

"I am old enough to go," he told the soft breeze that swirled around the tipi. "I am twelve. If I do not win my eagle feather soon, I will be too old to fight! I will be grey and wrinkled and weak, like He-ty-oka!"

Kicking at the dust, he walked past his father's scalp stick and war shield that hung before the tipi. His heart thumped as he ran his eyes over the grisly trophies of the Indian battlefields. Some day he would have such trophies before his own tipi. Some day. . .

Takowa sighed and walked toward the rope picket line where the Indian ponies browsed on the short plains grass. He picked out his own mount, a buckskin pony named Wild Wind. Takowa's father was a rich man and had bought Wild Wind for Takowa three moons before. Even Little Bird, the medicine man, admitted that Wild Wind was the fastest pony in all the Comanche herds!

"With Wild Wind between my knees, I could count coup against the Arapahoes and Osages all on the same day!" Takowa growled angrily. To count coup was to touch an enemy with the hand or weapon in battle. It was a very high honor among the Indians of the plains.

He rode steadily, not wanting to play with his boyhood friends. He felt that hoop and spear and shinny and snow snake were games beneath his notice. "Let Chapa and Hehaka play those games. They do not have a pony that can outrun the wind!"

Takowa mounted up from the deep, thick grama grass of the flats into the shrub-dotted slopes below the timber line. Thin, gnarled limbs of ocotilla, and the flat, prickly bulbs of the cactus plants lent a splash of color to the dun ground. A breeze ruffled his shiny

black hair that was bound with bone ornaments. His nostrils quickened. Takowa lifted his head, suddenly alert.

He had caught the pungent, harsh odor of Indian war paint in that breeze!

"One Arrow will have led the braves far from this point," the Comanche boy told himself. "Therefore, the war paint I smell is not Comanche war paint! If not—then whose?"

Like an eel, Takowa slipped over the side of Wild Wind and hung there, one hand buried in the thick mane of the little buckskin. The beaded moccasin on his left foot rested on the pony's rump, but with luck, it would not be seen!

Bobbing to the buckskin's every stride, Takowa peered under his mount's throat. His breath choked, and he sputtered.

A thin line of war-painted Osages were moving slowly down from the pinon-covered hills, the wind rustling the feathers dangling from their painted shields, jingling the bits of metal and shell on arm and in hair. Takowa heard the rattle of the bone breastplates as a warrior turned in the saddle to look about. They were bound for the defenseless Comanche camp!

Takowa drummed a heel on Wild Wind's belly. The little buckskin fled like a startled fawn before the twang of the Indian bowstring. At such a distance he looked to the onriding Osages like a wild, masterless horse.

His heart was making so much noise in his excitement that Takowa could hardly think! He knew what would happen when those black-visaged Osage braves hit the Comanche town. There would be screams and flowing blood, scalps ripped from heads, war arrows thunking into the few crippled or aged men who had been left behind! Takowa thought of his pretty mother, and his baby brother, and his lips tightened.

"What can I do?" he asked himself. "I wanted to be a warrior and a hero. Now I have the chance. But one twelve-year-old Comanche boy cannot fight fifty Osage braves!"

He knew, deep inside him, that even Young Buffalo, his father, or One Arrow himself,



## TIM HOLT

could do nothing! And yet—

Forgetting himself, Takowa straightened on the buckskin's back. If his little idea would only work! He banged his moccasined heels into the pony's back and clung with strong young hands to the thick mane.

He rode into the Comanche village in a cloud of dust. His young voice carried the grim news from tipi to tipi as he flashed by cooking fires and meat racks. Vaguely he was aware of running women, of an old man hobbling out into the open, a war lance in his feeble hands.

Takowa reined in before the tipi of Broken Bow, the Comanche warrior who had suffered a thigh wound driving off the last Osage attack on the horse herds. Quickly, Takowa outlined his plan. As he listened, a grim smile quirked Broken Bow's mouth. He nodded agreement.

Then Takowa whirled Wild Wind and sent him at full gallop out onto the flats beyond the village where boys like Chapa and Hehaka were dropping their play sticks and running toward him.

"Osage braves!" Takowa shouted, pointing behind him. "Riding to the village! We have played many games together, my friends. But we are to play a grim game now—a game of war!"

The flat brown faces of the boys lighted eagerly. With guttural shouts they thronged about him, to listen. Takowa said, "Broken Bow will get us bows and arrows, spears and war paint! Mount your fastest ponies and meet me at the council tipi!"

Broken Bow had enlisted the quick, deft hands of the women. Bows and arrows were passed to boy after boy as he sat his horse, his face smeared hideously. Takowa was moving Wild Wind back and forth, speaking quickly.

"We have played at ambush many times, my brothers! Now we carry a man's weapons. It is not to be play now, but war! And yet—give us good ambush spots, and luck with our first arrows, and we may yet turn back the Osage dogs!"

It was a mad scheme. One Arrow or Young Buffalo would have sent the boys to their tipis with backhand blows and derisive shouts. But One Arrow and Young Buffalo were gone, and there were none to stop these vigorous future fighters. They had the blind blissfulness of inexperience in real warfare, plus youth's firm, insistent belief in its own powers.

And then—loosed secretly by Little Bird, the medicine man—a young puppy went yapping through the Indian village. "Look!" cried Little Bird, lifting a bronzed arm from beneath his red blanket. "See the young dog testing its strength. It is a good sign! I promise victory—victory for our own young

whelps riding on their first war trail!"

It was all Takowa needed. With a wild shout and a waving, upraised arm, Takowa led his friends out of the village on the gallop.

They went into the hills, at a racing run. High in the timbers, among the twisted rocks of some forgotten riverbank, they flung themselves from their ponies and ran to the rim of the *malpais*.

Looking down, they could see the Osages advancing at a steady jog. Their eyes were fixed on the distant Comanche village. They could tell the warriors were gone. Only women and old men and a few children were seen near the tipis and the cooking pots. The Osages gave harsh, grunting cries and yelps. Excitement lifted them taller. They shook bows and knives that flashed in the sunlight. A big, half-naked chief threw back his head and yapped like a dog—

It was Takowa's arrow that took the Osage chief in the throat, between jaw and collarbone. And as his arrow thudded home, other arrows whined in the air, to plunk in grisly fashion in chest and arm and leg. The boys above, their blackened faces seen here and there above a rock or shrub as they bent their war bows, were fiercely intent. Often had they played like this among these very rocks. Now play was—reality!

And yet, so sudden was the attack, so merciless were the long arrows flashing in the sunlight, that eight of the Osage warriors tumbled from their saddles before the others found their attackers! Yelps and howls of rage echoed from their throats. Lances were lifted and hurled! Osage bows bent and Osage bow-strings twanged!

Takowa stood at his full height. "Look! Look!" he shouted. "One Arrow returns! With him ride our Comanche fighting men!"

The Osages, sunk in the narrow trail, had no way of measuring the truth of Takowa's shouted words. Grunting and shouting their anger, they wheeled their horses about and pummeled the animals' sides with their moccasined heels.

It was two days later when the Comanche braves returned from the warpath, to learn the tale of Takowa and his boy-warriors. Little Bird, the medicine man, and the crippled Broken Bow, were profuse in their praise. Pride glittered in Young Buffalo's eyes as the medicine man planted a coup stick ornate with a feather denoting one coup, beside Young Buffalo's own coup stick. "He will be a great fighter, your son Takowa," prophesied Little Bird.

And Takowa, hoping in his heart that Little Bird was right, ran past them to join Chapa and Hehaka at their play. After all, a twelve-year-old boy cannot be a fighting man every hour of the day!

—THE END—



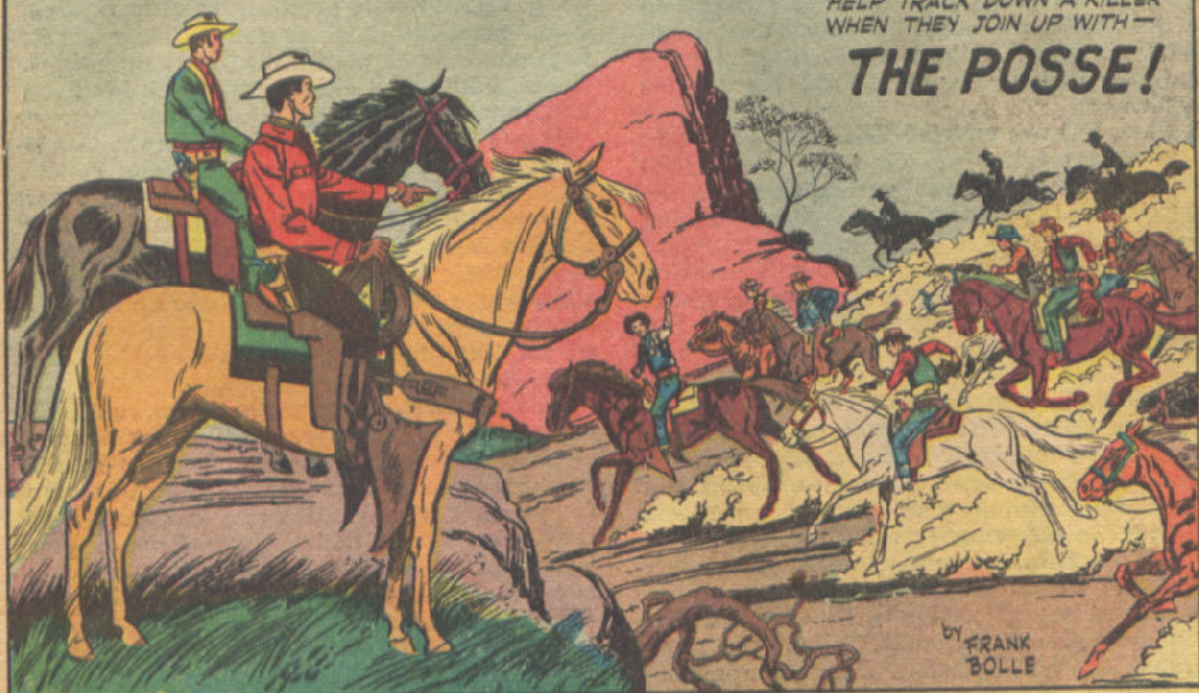
TIM HOLT

# TIM HOLT

**A**LTHOUGH THE SHERIFF AND HIS DEPUTIES ENFORCED LAW AND ORDER, THE WESTERN TERRITORY WAS FAR TOO VAST FOR THEIR SMALL NUMBER TO ATTEMPT AN EFFICIENT MANHUNT. A LARGER GROUP WAS NEEDED TO COMB THE MANY HILLS AND VALLEYS AND TO SEARCH THE CANYONS AND FORESTS—A FAST-RIDING, STRAIGHT-SHOOTING BAND OF LAW-ABIDING CITIZENS.

**T**IM HOLT AND CHITO RAFFERTY HELP TRACK DOWN A KILLER WHEN THEY JOIN UP WITH—

## THE POSSE!



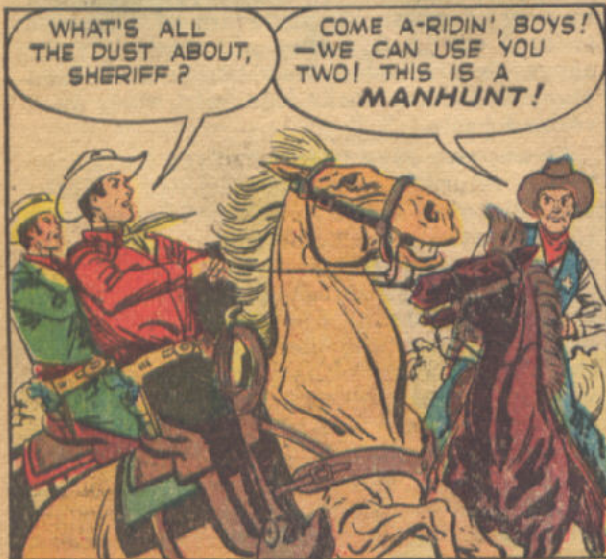
WHAT'S ALL  
THE DUST ABOUT,  
SHERIFF?

COME A-RIDIN', BOYS!  
—WE CAN USE YOU  
TWO! THIS IS A  
**MANHUNT!**

WE'RE AFTER BIG HAL REED.  
HE JUST SHOT AND KILLED  
OLD BANKER COLLINS  
AND GOT OFF WITH  
\$20,000 IN CASH!

YOU CAN  
COUNT ON US,  
SHERIFF  
HOLLOWAY!

YOU  
BET!





# TIM HOLT



**H**OURS GO BY, AS TIM AND CHITO SEARCH THROUGH VERY ROUGH AND ROCKY TERRAIN...



**S**UDDENLY, A HUNGER-MADDENED GRIZZLY LEAPS AT CHITO...



**C**HITO STUNNED SUDDENLY BY THE IMPACT OF HIS FALL LIES HELPLESSLY AS THE FRENZIED GRIZZLY LUNGES AT HIM...





# TIM HOLT





# TIM HOLT

**B**IG HAL FRANTICALLY LEAVES THE CABIN...



**T**HE STAUNCH OLD DEPUTY QUICKLY RECOVERS...



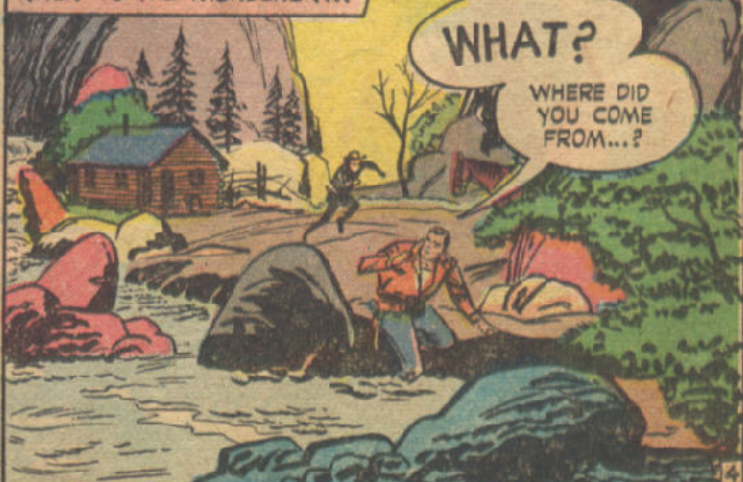
**BLAST!** THIS ORNERY HORSE WON'T LET ME MOUNT HIM!



**M**EANWHILE, TIM CAUTIOUSLY APPROACHES THE CABIN... FINDS IT EMPTY. THEN...



**A**S FAST AS HIS LEGS WILL CARRY HIM TIM RACES DOWN RIVER TO THE MURDERER...



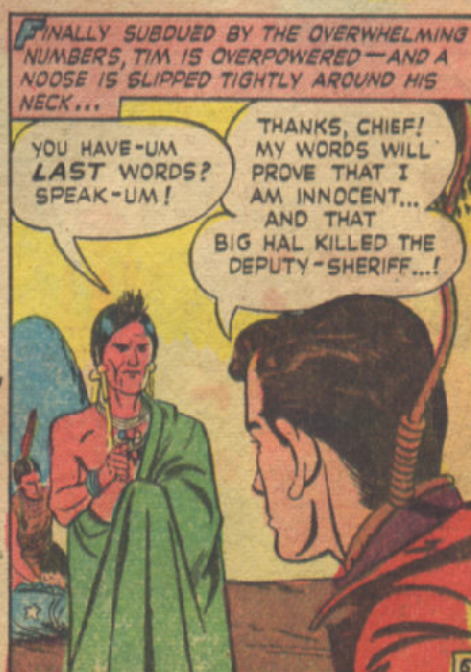
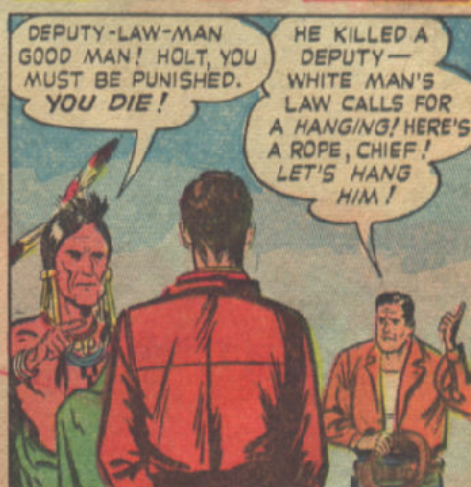


# TIM HOLT



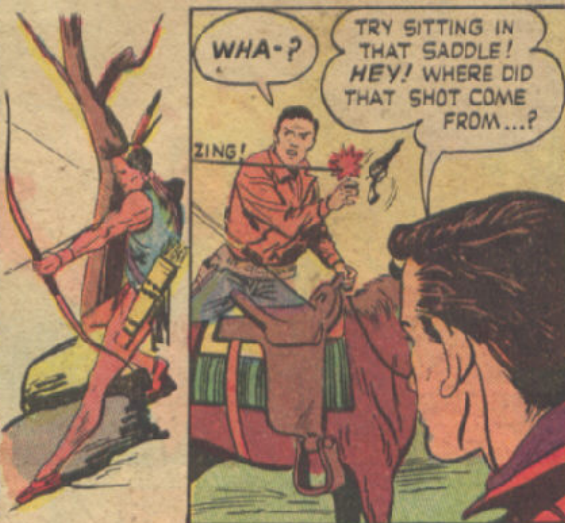


# TIM HOLT

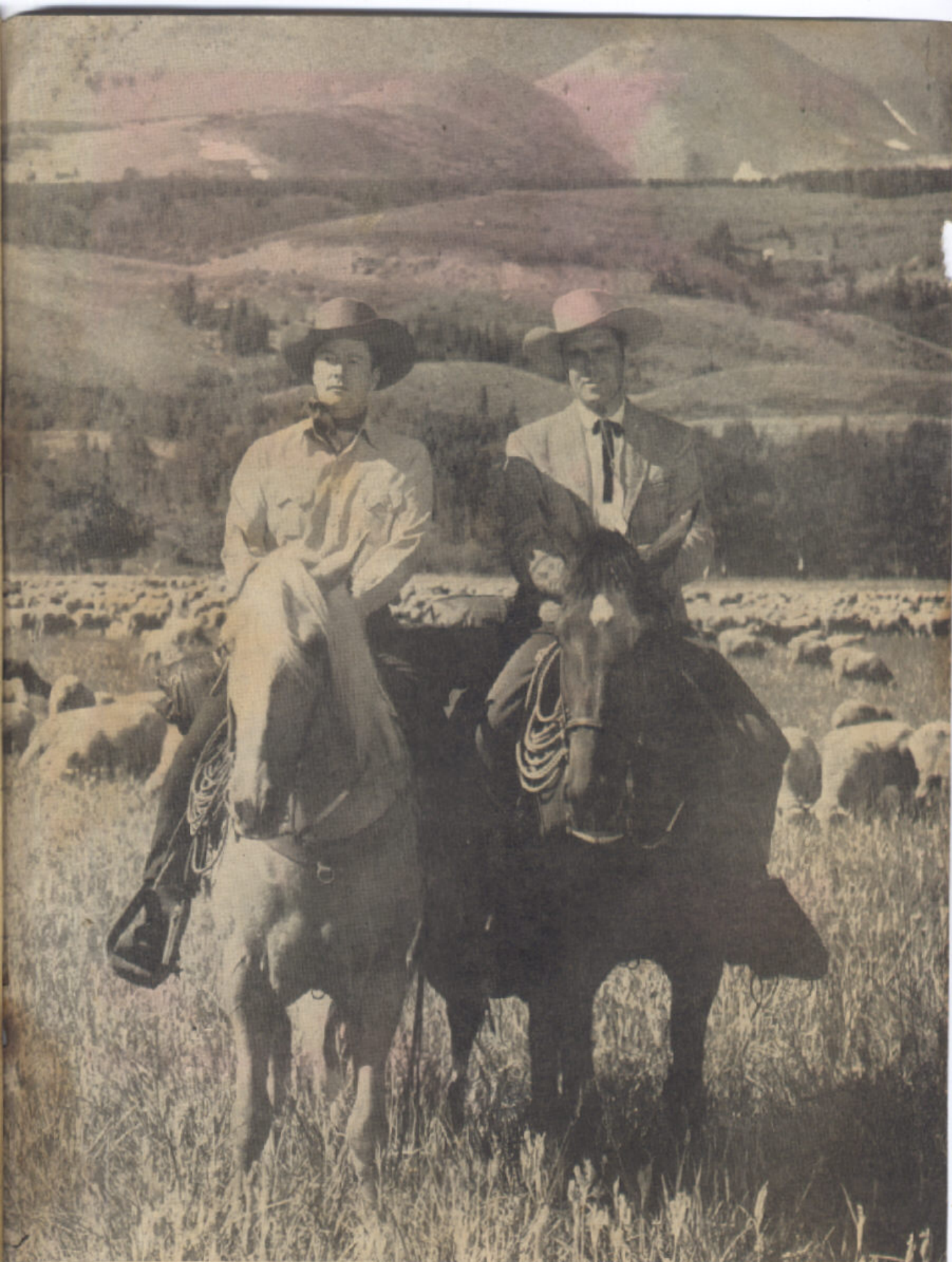




# TIM HOLT







Inseparables of the range, Tim and Chito halt their mounts to scan the horizon for signs of danger. Range wars broke out quite frequently in the West and only the very alert survived.



IF YOU  
CAN WHISTLE—  
or  
HUM A TUNE—

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